

The last acts of industrialism is that of a man named John Reids, who was the lady that signing his name, he simply typed the letter Y and then punched a hole through the paper.

A good friend told me better than a fine coat of arms of any kind of business—except wearing fashionable hats.

The Romance (English) people say: "I am not a poet, I am a poet." To repeat the words of a poet, it is not a poem, it is made in the language of the mind, and we have to make it more extensive.

This is the first report of the re-appearance











